

Cheer Up, Cuthbert!

By Clarence L. Cullen

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C. CULLEN

It's Fun to See the Other Fellow's Ship Come In, even if ours is Encouraging Head-Wind!

At Sea we used to think Life a Tough Game until, odd times, we heard the Bo'sun's Mate Pipe all hands to Bury the Dead!

As Often as we've been Trimmed, we've never had Anybody Slice us Up so Effectually as we've Done that Stunt ourselves!

When you're On the Fringe you Know that it has Happened, but when you're on the Ragged Edge you're Waiting for it to Happen!

You can't Pay the Fiddler with the Velvet Coin, because by the Time he Comes to Collect you're Cleaned!

When we Begin to Rake ourselves Over the Coals, we Know that we're Convalescing from Chronic Inertia!

We never knew an Appetite to Destiny that wasn't Laughed out of Court!

The Watch used to be "In" so often

Sammy and the Subway; the Quest of a Seat

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By Clare Victor Diggins



The Papers Say

By John L. Hobbie

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It must be annoying to the President to hear nothing but unfriendly silence from his old friends.

The Christmas spirit prompted a Western Governor to pardon several thieves. Will these timely pardons permit the gentlemen to make a collection of holiday gifts?

Let us lay the North Pole aside for a few moments and see if we can determine who invented the flying machine.

As a business man the ticket speculator has proven himself far inferior to the rest of us by exposing the gross side of his business to the public view.

S'Matter, Pop?

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By C. M. Payne



G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t!

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By Ferd G. Long



Some Good Stories of the Day

The Viewpoint.

THE young man in the third row of seats looked bored, says the Chicago Tribune. He wasn't having a good time. He carried nothing for the Shakespeare frame. "What's the greatest play you ever saw?" the young woman asked, observing his attraction. Instantly he brightened.

A Cor ainty.

THE showman was in his element, before an admiring crowd, when he announced that the night of Saturday till 10.

SEEKING AN EXPERT.

"How are you at picture puzzles?" "Pretty fair."

"Maybe you can put together those forty-odd parts I have taken out of my automobile."—Washington Herald.

The New Plays

German Operetta
Mixed With
Ragtime
at Weber's.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

CH GOTT! Ragtime and the cakewalk have been restored to Broadway by those syncretized Germans who have taken possession of Joe Weber's place, which, as they've probably discovered, is happily situated just across the street from a house of the Nuremberg pattern where a bell rings every time a fresh barrel is tapped.

And now you know why it is, this German-American Operetta Company—yes?

But for a long time you look at that title and suspect the hyphen was put in to make it more difficult. For "Ein Walzertraum," in other words "A Waltz Dream," is given in German undiluted except by "Oh, you lobster!" and one or two other playful American touches. To help the Broadway understanding, the programme is in English with a synopsis that runs like this:

"Niki does not love his bride and is mad clean through to be condemned to play the hateful part of a Prince-Consort." It is quite apparent, however, even to a person utterly ignorant of German, that Niki isn't "mad clean through" when he goes to a concert garden and plays up to Franzl, "the youthful and attractive leader of the Ladies' Orchestra." Later, consulting the programme again, you learn: "The poor girl teaches Princess Helene how to win Niki's affection." Meanwhile the Princess jollies herself along with "That Baboon Baby Dance!"

Ach Gott and likewise Louis Dock-stadt! Fraulein Grete Meyer singing ragtime and cakewalking across the stage is an exuberant joy. If her dialect is a bit uncertain, her feet betray no hesitation. You see them—and designed especially for princesses who go in for this sort of thing. And Fraulein Meyer, doubling on her capricious tracks, throws you a smiling glance as if to say, "This is it—yes?" She may be pleased to know that it is a very good imitation of the real thing.

This majestic cakewalker is evidently "the star of the troupe." It is more than likely that she doesn't play the role in which Miss Sophie Brandt appeared at the Broadway Theatre three years ago because she considers herself too big for the part. She is rather large, but for all that she's a stunning looking woman and she handles her voice as well as she does her feet. Her greatest asset, however, is "stage presence"; in fact, she has almost more than Weber's limited stage can hold.

Except for the very slim chorus, the troupe runs to large sizes. While Vilma Conti isn't in the heavyweight class she easily qualifies as an abashed orchestra leader and has a fairly strong voice. Grete Albert, the hungry artist who divides her attention between the bass drum and any man that holds out the hope of an extra meal, is appropriately immense. To show that she is also muscular she picks up a middle-weight stunner and carries him off without dropping a note. She is a very strong actress. Theodore Lammberg is so tall and thin that he may safely be set down as a comedian, though he looks more like a caricature. While Poldi Mariner doesn't play to great heights as a singer, he plays the part of the young lieutenant neatly and never lets the audience see that he is "mad clean through."

The general result is a performance of "A Waltz Dream" that Germans at least are sure to enjoy. They may be surprised to find Oscar Straus's pretty music mixed with ragtime, but they will probably learn to like "That Baboon Baby Dance!"

Dashing the Cup From His Lips.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER gets a lot of fun out of his money. Of late years he has chosen, as his friends several young newspaper writers, and one day, playing a game of golf with a reporter, he let out this howl: "I enjoy being with young men so much that I wish I could seek their society more freely, but it is a hard thing for me to do. You see, I meet people, and begin to like them, and just when I do that they hit me in the back with a contribution box."

The young man agreed with the millionaire that such a practice was dis-

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